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working medicine-man. As we come to know the body politic more intimately and accurately, we may realize more and more the intricacy, the weakness, and the strength of human beings; their enormous difficulties; their pathos and magnificence; their insignificance, and the rich significance of that body and soul which by the travail of centuries is being made from them, and which may well claim in any age the loyalty of its members.

We are but men, are we,  
And thou art Italy;  
What gift shall we deserve to give?  
How shall we die to do thee service or how live?

HELEN WODEHOUSE.

BINGLEY, ENGLAND.

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### THE ELEMENTS AND CHARACTER OF TOLSTOY'S WELTANSCHAUUNG.\*

ARCHIBALD A. BOWMAN.

THERE is something not altogether appropriate in considering Tolstoy's work in the light of a contribution to the theory of morals, religion, or art. The mixed character of his writings, their indefeasible saturation with his personality, and his extravagant opposition to the scientific and philosophical attitude render it scarcely possible to handle his teaching, precise and categorical though it became, as a specific body of theory.

No writer of the first rank, with the possible exception of Rousseau, has given himself away as Tolstoy has done. The occasional abandon which is the essence of the lyrical spirit, the conscious depreciatory egotism characteristic of certain forms of humor, the unconscious egotism which

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\* This presentation is offered with the deference due from one who can approach his author only through the medium of translations, and in the hope that any conclusions come to are confined to points which a knowledge of the original would not necessarily compromise. The translation chiefly used is that of Professor Leo Wiener.

idealizes and so in a sense objectifies the self, offer no analogue to the sustained and meticulous self-revelation that spontaneously infects the whole body of Tolstoy's writing. It is true that the time may not yet have come for a complete survey of this remarkable personality, and that we ought to wait until his voluminous diaries, exceeding, it appears, the bulk of his published work, are available. As it is, the type is sufficiently clear, and there exists abundant material for a general presentation.

In the *fact* of Tolstoy we are confronted with a spiritual phenomenon of impressive proportions, yet perfectly definite in kind and not unfamiliar in many of its features,—presenting therefore to the historical reason a clearly indicated line of judgment. On the other hand, within the *content* of the phenomenon and constituting its most singular note, we have to reckon a highly peculiar *Weltanschauung*, directed critically upon the order which the critic himself exemplifies. This, of course, at once raises a problem for the expositor. Are we to accept Tolstoy's final repudiation of himself and the order to which he belongs as expressing most adequately the man and his evangel, or are we to fall back on a naturalistic derivation of the gospel of renunciation itself? It may be that the true course lies in neither of these alternatives, but in the endeavor to bring them into intelligible relation; and certainly this is the project that suggests itself as safest and most natural to the interpreter. The problem has the peculiar features of any attempt to explain a system of ideals. If we pursue the line of treatment appropriate to such a case, it will bring us to a position somewhat analogous to Tolstoy's own; for although it does not, of course, commit us to the moral and religious creed to which he himself in the end stood so passionately committed, on the other hand a large part of his work, and in a sense almost the whole of it, is an attempt to give *actuality* to his ethical idealism both as achievement and as irrefragable theory. Tolstoy exemplifies in its extreme form the tragic and tragically genuine predica-

ment of a soul struggling to sustain its existence beyond its moral depths; and if there is a *problem* for the interpreter, it is that there is first of all an *opposition* in the elements of the situation. In any case, the difficulty has been stated not as demanding a preliminary solution, but as furnishing a clue to the characterization of Tolstoy's personality and writings.

If we survey the latter as a whole, two features irresistibly and continuously obtrude themselves; and the evolution of Tolstoy's literary and spiritual life is determined by the original correlation and the fluctuating relationships, terminating in internecine opposition, of these two.

It must be affirmed, in the first place, that Tolstoy, perhaps beyond any writer of the present age, was possessed by what we might describe as an engrossing appetite (not to say infatuation) for mere *being*. The energy of his character went out with a reckless force and spontaneity to appropriate the variety of experience open to a susceptible nature amply endowed with resources. The story of this has been briefly told in "My Confession." His profligacy was a derivative of the same tendency and is marked by a characteristic catholicity of taste. In the sphere of his art, this prodigality of nature assumes a guise peculiarly characteristic of the national literature. The distinctiveness and value of that realism which was developed by the Russian novelists has been admirably estimated by M. de Vogüé.<sup>1</sup> It will be enough here to indicate the bearing of this literary feature on the substance of Tolstoy's moral and religious teaching.

In its most typical form, and especially in his sustained creative endeavors, Tolstoy's manner is that of a loitering progress through a labyrinth of infinitesimals. He wanders among the minutiae of life with the charmed and naïve interest of a child, exhaustlessly observant, irresistibly receptive. It may be questioned whether his

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<sup>1</sup> "Le roman russe."

greatest artistic quality is not his consummate power of presenting the incident of a common day and lending exquisiteness to verisimilitude. In this kind nothing could be more convincing than the exquisite opening of "Domestic Happiness." There are spaces in his narrative (one need only refer to the charming outdoor and hunting passages at Otrádnœ and Mikháylovka in "War and Peace" or to many of the domestic and agrarian scenes in "Anna Karénin") where the episodic interest develops a completeness that leaves us for the time satisfied and quite indifferent to the main current; and in the larger works the accumulated impression becomes at moments almost that of rankness.

This impression in turn disappears when we reach the culminating points which occur at intervals; and we become aware that, beneath the crowded irregularity of the piece, there is a constant rhythm or pulse regulated by a prevailing spiritual attitude. It is this that now demands our attention.

From an early point it is apparent that the objective secular interest in men and things, which always had so great a power to arrest and hold the mind of the artist, is liable to become embarrassed by accessions of a reflective disquiet. Even in "The Cossacks," where the writer's charmed impressionability is in its first flush, we find this ominous interpolation; and with the growth of Tolstoy's artistic power the growth of the reflective element proceeds in geometric ratio. It is doubtless a question of fundamental importance what is the source and character of this peculiar strain; but the question involves a reference to the national type and literature which would lead us far beyond Tolstoy. One conjecture only will be hazarded. There seems no reason why we should seek the ultimate springs of that critical tendency, which eventually developed into an all-absorbing Christian idealism, in any distinctive faculty or endowment, or indeed elsewhere than in the general impressibility which underlay Tolstoy's artistic activity and gave to his work its

transcendent realism. If this is so, the warring elements in his mind and work will appear together in a common fund of sensibility.

The view is strengthened when we consider the nature of the quality with which we are dealing. Both in the artistic and in the ethico-religious form, it is characterized by the clear non-mystical order of apprehension. In the one sphere there is the infinite aptitude for exact and detailed characterization, in the other an irresistible logical and analytic faculty. For the massive synthetic movements of German speculation he has only impatient dissent. His attitude to Hegel's system, occasionally revealed, can hardly be considered as (even in an elementary sense) informed, but is a clear indication of temperament; and significance of a sort might equally well be attached to the relative sympathy of his incidental allusions to Kant. That Tolstoy busied himself, to a certain extent, with Kant's writings he has himself told us; and at times proximate analogies and even exact parallelisms can be detected. Considering his mental constitution and attitude rather than the content of his teaching, we should be justified in seeking for Tolstoy's historical affinities in those great critical movements of thought which form a periodically recurring phase in human progress and are most inclusively designated under the rubric of Illumination. Only, this statement must be qualified by the admission that Tolstoy belongs to the exceptional and non-representative figures in the movement, his place being analogous to that of Socrates rather than of Hip-pias in the Greek Enlightenment, and to that of Rousseau rather than of Diderot in the French. Under this proviso Tolstoy clearly ranks with those thinkers who surprise truth rather by sense and acuteness than by divination.

It cannot of course be asserted that he was insensible to the appeal of the *Dinge des Jenseits*. In the all-inclusiveness of his interest, there is a place for such suggestions of mystery as the early incident which fore-shadows the manner of Anna Karénin's end; and many

of the familiar but obscure or particularly impressive experiences, dreams, the sight of the starry heavens, inexplicable psychical impressions, acquire a spiritual significance or become instrumental in the vast reconstitution of values which is the nerve of Tolstoy's attitude to life.<sup>2</sup> Apart from this, the ordinary facts of existence and particularly the solemn dispensations of life and death contained more mystery than he could contemplate without trouble; and where we find the shadow of the supernatural, it is usually in a form akin to that which William Archer has pointed out in Ibsen's treatment of the same,—a mere suggestiveness of the occult in the texture of normal experience. It might be added that where Ibsen latterly succumbed to the mystery of the pathological, Tolstoy kept clearing his mind to the end, of the very idea of mystery. This side of his development could not be more surprisingly revealed than in the versatility with which, only a year or two after having touched the nadir of dramatic horror in "The Dominion of Darkness," and amidst the moral strain of the period which produced "The Kreutzer Sonata," he springs upon us that gay and fantastic satire of spiritualism, "The Fruits of Enlightenment."

The constitution of Tolstoy's mind, as disclosed both

<sup>2</sup> One need only refer to the constant association in "War and Peace" between the depths of the sky, seen in moments of reflection or of crisis, and the infinitude which is circumfused about the paltriness of human existence. The sterile and ineffectual womanhood of Sónya is suggested in a psychical experience known to most people.

Sónya crossed the parlour with a wine-glass, on her way to the buffet-room. Natásha looked at her and at the crack in the buffet-room door, and it appeared to her that she was recalling that there had once been that crack and Sónya had passed by with a wine glass.

"Yes, it was just like that," thought Natásha. "Sónya, is it you?" Natásha called out, strumming on the bass string. "Oh, you are here!" Sónya said, with a shudder, walking up and listening to the music. "What is it,—'The Storm'?" she said, timidly, being afraid that she was making a mistake. "Precisely in that way she shuddered then, and came up to me, and smiled timidly," Natásha thought, "and just so I thought that something was lacking in her." "War and Peace," Vol. II, p. 392 (Wiener's tr.).

in reasoning and in assimilative contemplation, finds striking expression in his theory of art. In the tenth chapter of his treatise on the subject, he attacks the obscure and oracular manner which he conceived to have grown up when art ceased to be national and "the artist composed for a small circle of men, who were under exclusive conditions,"—the art which is exemplified at the present day in what is known as decadence; and he lays it down as a fundamental character in all true art that it must be comprehensible.

This criterion, which of course brings Tolstoy into line with the spirit of Illumination, at the same time, when interpreted as he understood it, indicates where he transcends that order. By comprehensibility he does not mean anything of a purely intellectual or logical nature,—far less what has been familiarized and standardized by tradition. His conception is involved in some complexity and raises a host of metaphysical questions; but several points stand out clear and unambiguous.

Art for Tolstoy is an adjunct and development of religion, and its comprehensibility is associated with the character which makes the latter intelligible to men. In this connection religion is especially signalized by the type of feeling to which it gives rise. Tolstoy defines art as a means of communication: in contradistinction to words it communicates feelings. It is these feelings which are universally comprehensible,—provided, that is, the religion out of which they spring is the religion of the time; for "the art which conveys sensations which result from the consciousness of a former time, which is obsolete and outlived, has always been condemned and despised." Genuine religious sensation must always be new. It gives conscious expression to "the forward movement of humanity." Here we find the secret of comprehensibility. "If art is a conveyance of sentiments which result from the religious consciousness of men, how can a sentiment be incomprehensible if it is based on religion, that is, on the relation of man to God? Such art must have



been, and in reality has been, at all times comprehensible, because the relation of every man to God is one and the same."<sup>3</sup>

This universality based on a completely clear and indubitable form of feeling, identified with sincerity, though incompatible with every kind of obscurity or ill-usiveness in art, is not in any way opposed to the sense of minute gradations. On the contrary, Tolstoy maintains that art depends on infinitesimal niceties (of pitch, for example, or of drawing); and his exact position is indicated (in the somewhat haphazard manner in which he frequently makes his most important theoretical points) where he asserts that these fundamental niceties, so far from requiring elaborate training, are "discovered by the feeling alone," or "only when a man abandons himself to a sensation."

It is obvious that such a view of art has a certain theoretical affinity with the Kantian doctrine which lays the foundation of the esthetic in no objective character, but in a universal form of subjectivity. Tolstoy expressly denies to art any truly objective definition among those that have been given. Elsewhere he declares that "it is impossible to interpret an artist's production." What the artist has to communicate can be conveyed only by

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<sup>3</sup> The difficulty of reconciling this claim for universality in art (a universality both of time and place) with the proposition that art has its root only in the religious sentiment, which is new, is hardly done justice to by Tolstoy; but the elements of a solution in conformity with his views are to be found in his various positions, and particularly in the fact that he seeks his criterion in feeling. Thus, it might be argued, although an obsolete religion has not the power of inspiring sound artistic endeavor, the genuine products of such a religion, arising out of sentiments which were new at the time, retain a perpetual power of emotional appeal. This solution throws a heavy onus on the feeling which has to interpret for us what is genuinely new in this sense and what effete. In the very next sentence to the one last quoted, Tolstoy goes on to say that "the temples and the singing in them have always been comprehensible to men." But what are we to make of this in connection with his almost Voltairean treatment of the modern church service (*e. g.*, "Resurrection," Pt. I, ch. 39: *cf.* "The Kingdom of God is within You") for which he can only account by including it under the set of influences that he designates collectively hypnotism?

means of his art. Where we are concerned with feeling, there is nothing to explain, no place for criticism; and "an interpretation in words of a product of art proves only that he who is interpreting is unable to be infected by art." Criticism has arisen only where the art of the higher classes has become divorced from the religious consciousness of the time. "National art has a definite and indubitable inner criterion,—religious consciousness."

In this there is more than a suggestion of the irreducible apriority which, in various specific forms, according to Kant, underlies experience in all its aspects,—whether as knowledge, morality, or artistic appreciation. No doubt the systematic exposition of these forms, especially on their constructive and objective side, is not in the spirit of Tolstoy's writing; but the application of his general criterion, once he has found it, is essentially the exhibition of principles which we must suppose to preside *a priori* over experience, because they alone coördinate and give meaning to it. Frequently his propagandist writings,—“My Religion,” for example, and particularly “The Christian Teaching,”—pretend to a symmetry and exhaustiveness of principle which are entirely at one with Kant's manner.

Of peculiar significance is Tolstoy's treatment of the relation of beauty and goodness, which occurs in the seventh chapter of “What is Art?” He marks his departure from pagan values by disintegrating what he conceives to be the compound notion of *καλοκάγαθία*, and setting up beauty, goodness, and truth as fundamentally distinct and mutually irreducible ultimate principles.

Goodness is the eternal, highest purpose of our life. No matter how we may understand goodness, our life is nothing but a striving after goodness, that is, toward God. Goodness is actually a fundamental concept which metaphysically forms the essence of our consciousness, a concept which is not definable by reason. Goodness is what cannot be defined by anything, but which defines everything else. But beauty, if we are not satisfied with words, but speak of what we comprehend,—beauty is nothing but what

pleases us.<sup>4</sup> The concept of beauty not only does not coincide with goodness, but is rather opposed to it, since goodness for the most part coincides with victory over bias, while beauty is the foundation of all our bias. The more we abandon ourselves to beauty, the more do we depart from goodness. . . . But as to truth, we can still less ascribe to this member of the imaginary triad either unity with goodness and beauty, or even any independent existence. What we call truth is only a correspondence of the expression or definition of the subject with its essence, or with all men's universal comprehension of the subject. Now what is there in common between the concepts of beauty and truth on the one side, and of goodness on the other?<sup>5</sup>

The comparison could doubtless be pursued much further; but enough has been said to indicate the general affinity on the intellectual side. Our business is now to go back upon our previous characterization and to show this keenly rationalistic view of principles emerging along with the sense for particularity out of what was there called "a common fund of sensibility." In this the French Illumination will again furnish certain features of similarity as well as of difference.

Presupposing nothing more than a catholic appreciation of the facts of life and a capacity for comparison and contrast, we should be justified in expecting to find these attended by a special sort of reflective accompaniment.

<sup>4</sup>It is important to notice that beauty is not for Tolstoy identical with that which, in the sense determined by him, gives genuine artistic value to feeling. Beauty, therefore, he maintains, in contradistinction to Kant, is not the subject-matter of true art.

<sup>5</sup>It is not safe to institute parallelisms without regard to the relative prominence of the passages compared in the whole body of each writer's work; although the extraordinary logical coherence of Tolstoy's thought somewhat reduces the danger from false emphasis. Taken along with so many other features, his correspondence view of truth suggests Kant's definition in the "Critique of Pure Reason": "the agreement of our knowledge with objects" (Analytic of Principles, ch. III),—i. e., as he afterwards makes clear, in judgment or "the relation of an object to our understanding" (Dialectic, Introd.). Hegel's transcendence of this view (*e. g.*, "Phänomenologie," p. 66, Collected Works) would again mark the line of cleavage. Of course, in the theoretical, as distinct from the esthetic sphere, the "essence" or "all men's comprehension of the subject" does not accurately characterize the universal concept in Kant,—although a recent attempt has been made to reduce the concept to such subjective uniformity (*vid.* Simmel, "Vorlesungen über Kant").

The facts in time, by their natural gravitation into and out of groups and orders, would be bound to generate a more or less definite spiritual attitude and outlook; and the product would be consolidated, though invested with an air of negativity, by opposition.

As a matter of fact the French Illumination is marked by a relative absence of positive doctrine. The spirit of the movement is none the less definite. It is connected with the resolution of the established order into its elements, and the intellectual zest for free and sometimes licentious or fantastic recombination. In the general upturn, all that is preposterous and criminal in accredited human institutions is thrown to the surface.

In a conversation on Goethe's "Faust," dated February 16, 1833, and reported in the "Table Talk," Coleridge outlines the plan of a drama conceived on somewhat similar lines. "My Devil," he says, "was to be, like Goethe's, the universal humorist, who should make all things vain and nothing worth, by a perpetual collation of the great with the little in the presence of the infinite."

Except for the allusion to the infinite, the sense of which is singularly absent in the Illumination, these words offer a fair presentation of much in Voltaire's and, to a certain degree, in Diderot's prose writings; and it would be an interesting inquiry how far Goethe, whose understanding of both writers was so intimate and sympathetic, may have been guided in the conception of his Mephistopheles by the all-disturbing humor of the Enlightenment.

A portion of this dæmonic spirit is an original endowment of Tolstoy—only that in his case "the presence of the infinite" is the leading feature.<sup>6</sup> To say nothing of his presentation of history in "War and Peace," we find among his earlier and minor writings, such as "Sevastopol" and "Polikushka," a large infusion of an irony akin to Voltaire's. The difference, however, in intellectual and

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<sup>6</sup> See particularly, "My Confession," ch. IX.

emotional depth, as well as in the capacity for identification with a cause,<sup>7</sup> pressing upon him continually, as we have seen, the consciousness of infinitude, in the end reduces the ironical character to a minor feature in the mass of his work.

A further highly significant point, and one which connects with the peculiar realism of the national literature, is the strangely nonchalant way in which Tolstoy accepts into his picture of life the more uncertain and the darker hues. These lie across his canvas in an infinite checker-work of minor tones. Nothing could throw into clearer contrast the comparative simplicity of the moral and esthetic cleavages, which give its general character to our European literature.<sup>8</sup> There is a definiteness of feature, a resort to the typical both in human character and in situation, an unmistakable call to judgment, infecting even the works which we regard as least categorical and most enigmatic. Our humorous literature itself cannot escape this characterization; for humor as known to us is the specific call for a specific reaction; and the quality of prevailing humor (what gives their character to works which we distinguish as comedy) is the demand that a typical attitude of spirit be sustained over a certain area.

In Tolstoy's imaginative work, and particularly where he rises highest in creative spontaneity, there is a remarkable absence of appeal to typical attitudes and judgments. His most interesting creations, highly characterized as

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<sup>7</sup> There is a decided difference of quality and mass between Tolstoy's ultimate self-identification with Christianity and the support given to the cause of peace and freedom by the writers of the *Illumination*. No doubt a certain similarity can be detected between the spirit which led to the championship of Calas and Lally-Tollendal, and that which impelled Tolstoy to take up the cause of the suffering and oppressed. But the Christianity which Tolstoy adopted involves a much completer subordination of the nature and intellect than was necessary in order to produce the "Letter to the Chief of the Irkútsk Disciplinary Battalion" or "Famine or No Famine?"

<sup>8</sup> On the literary aspect of this there are some fine remarks by George Moore in the Introduction which he contributes to Lena Milman's translation of Dostoevsky's "Poor Folk."

they are, impress one, in a way hardly ever realized in Western literature, as growing by inappreciable degrees out of the infinitude of their own elements. We might say that Tolstoy has a unique gift of abandoning his characters to themselves and to their fate. There are points at which he seems to let them out of his hands altogether. Like the progress of his incident, the development of his creatures advances episodically. There are seemingly fortuitous collisions of spiritual currents, movements which slowly or abruptly stir the surface of events, and rise into critical and sometimes thrilling uncertainty,—only to subside and pass away. Up to a certain point the relations of Anna Karénin and Alekseyéy Aleksándrovich are full of these critical uncertainties, where for the moment it seems undecided on which side the wave will break. The *rapprochement* between Sergyéy Ivánovich and Várenka is a remarkable instance, coming as it does abruptly into the centre of interest and disappearing without result.

This naïve acceptance of elements without prejudice frequently renders it difficult to tell whether a characterization is to be taken under one or another of various categories, or indeed under any category at all. Especially difficult is it to be sure with what degree of satirical infection many sinister *aperçus* upon life and character are to be received. (The same remark would hold of Dostoievsky.) When Voltaire begins “La Princesse de Babylone” with the words: “Le vieux Bélus, roi de Babylone, se croyait le premier homme de la terre, car tous ses courtisans le lui disaient, et ses historiographes le lui prouvaient,” the note of satire is unmistakable; and we at once adjust our minds to the proper attitude. But when Tolstoy, in a work of solemn beauty, noticing the effect produced upon his friends by the death of Iván Ilích, adds: “The very fact of the death of a close friend evoked in all those who heard of it, as it always does, a feeling of joy because it was Iván Ilích who had died and not they,” it is not so easy exactly to interpret the spirit

of the saying. Certainly such propositions in Tolstoy must frequently be taken as bare and unjudged observation of fact; and it is clear that the irony and humor of his earlier work, even where the abundance of its elements remains, is gradually engrossed by the deepening hues of his religious experience.

This wavering and indefinite character in Tolstoy's writings of course offers no contradiction to the sense for clear particularity which marks both his creative and his reflective work, and illustrates his disapproval of the obscurity of decadent art. The spiritual indecision, which distinguishes so many of his chief characters, Pierre, Levín, and to a certain degree Nekhlyúdov (in spite of the resolution of his character), is in entire consonance with the fundamental realism of his manner. And here, as usual, we find a theoretical parallel to his actual achievement.

In the spirited sketch entitled "Lucerne" he writes:

An unfortunate, miserable being is man with his need of positive solutions, cast into this eternally moving, endless ocean of good and evil, of facts, of reflections and contradictions! . . . If man but learned not to judge and not to think sharply and positively, and not to give answers to questions given to him only that they might always remain questions! . . . They have made subdivisions for themselves in this eternally moving, endless, endlessly mixed chaos of good and evil; they have drawn imaginary lines on this sea, and now are waiting for this sea to cleave apart, as though there were not millions of other subdivisions from an entirely different point of view, in another plane. . . . Endless is the mercy and all-wisdom of Him who has permitted and has commanded all these contradictions to exist. Only to you, insignificant worm, who are boldly, unlawfully trying to penetrate His laws, His intentions,—only to you do they appear as contradictions. . . .

In considering Tolstoy's characters we must apply a remark made upon the desultory progress of his narrative. Beneath the varying surface there is the same uniform movement of spirit, resulting ultimately in a unity of accumulated impressions which has all the value of strong, consistent individualization. We come to understand that the hand of the master, though hidden, is all the time guiding his work to irresistible conclusions.

In his creative and his reflective work alike, it is easy to detect the actual operation of the influences which disturb the elements of his universe and issue in his final *Weltanschauung*. These are connected with his absorbing interest in the human; and the chief dynamic is to be found in his impressibility by the critical experiences which lend a new focus to existence,—above all birth, marriage, and death. In “My Confession” he has explained the part played by death in the great *Wertumgestaltung*; and we know that birth and death were associated in his mind as bearing a similar part in the evolution of a moral experience. Describing Levín’s feelings on the birth of his child, he says: “All he knew and felt was that what was taking place was very much like what the year before had taken place in the hotel of the provincial city, on the death-bed of his brother Nikoláy. But that had been sorrow, and this was joy. But that sorrow and this joy were alike outside all habitual conditions of life and were, in that habitual life, openings, as it were, through which something superior was disclosed.”

It is these great dispensations which for Tolstoy became the interpreters of the life that he loved to follow through the detail of its ordinary level. In view of the enveloping infinitude, the things of this world first lost and then regained their value; and in the process, Enlightenment acquired a complete newness and reality of spiritual connotation far beyond anything known to the representatives of what is called Illumination.

It is true that we have not yet nearly exhausted the analogy. The springs of that ridicule, in which moral distinctions seem to perish, and the sources of the profoundest moral regeneration lie close together. They both connect with the unveiling in the intellect, or in the depth of the soul, of these forms which tradition has sanctified and which have lent their sanctity to tradition. Thus we find certain general resemblances between Tolstoy’s position and that of the French group, for example, in such external considerations as the condemnation of war or



that admiration of the Quakers which appears so strangely yet so naturally, in Voltaire. Indeed, did it not compromise the lines of historical association too far, we might seek for affinities where tradition has found chiefly opposition. The great moral teacher often referred to as the Founder of Christianity constantly employs types passed over or rejected by the official standards,—the child or the pariah,—in order to turn the official standards out of court. This is of the very essence of the age of the Encyclopædia, with its parabolic use of the eastern tale and the satirical romance. The enlightened savage, the unsophisticated Huron, the man from Sirius become the critics of established usage. In his general revision of values, Tolstoy is dominated by characters which are the very types of weakness and obscurity. Nothing is more consistently maintained throughout his whole work than this feature. From Uncle Eróshka, in the early phase of his work, to Platón Karatáev and the outcast Máslova, we find a succession of characters whose business it is to dissolve into its elements the whole fabric of the known moral universe. The part played by children is abnormal, and the significance of the child's standpoint fundamental. "It is the children," says Tolstoy, "who look soundly at life."<sup>9</sup>

The positive side of the analogy must not be pursued too far. We know that Tolstoy at an early age read Voltaire with enjoyment;<sup>10</sup> but, as has been said, the humanity and brooding impressionability of the Russian writer carries him far beyond the more entirely intellectual level of the latter.<sup>11</sup> We may measure the difference in many ways. It is the difference between conviction and conversion. There was a time, doubtless, when

<sup>9</sup> "Lucerne," Vol. III, p. 255, Wiener's tr.

<sup>10</sup> See "My Confession."

<sup>11</sup> It must be admitted that amidst the light-footed blasphemies of "L'Ingénu," the dæmonic spirit has led the man who has been so generally supposed incapable of the finer humanity to the verge of a genuine female creation. In the story of Mlle. St. Yves the unquenchable laughter is for once almost quenched in something deeper than the lachrymose sentiment which flooded the literature and life of the times.

a thing like Diderot's terrible satire, "Le Neveu de Rameau," would have appealed to Tolstoy; there came a point at which he could hardly have handled the theme without solemnity.

But we have reached the limit of uncontroversial presentation. It is a matter of standpoint how far the Christianity of which Tolstoy became the apostle really introduces a fundamental change. In the present article the stress has been laid on the homogeneity and continuity of his character and development. From the earliest stage we find the elements of his *Weltanschauung* in a state of highly unstable equilibrium and ready at any moment for the collapse and possible recovery out of which we must suppose conversions to arise. Not only so, but there is noticeable, throughout the disintegration of his universe, a steadily-growing reconstitution according to the values which he ultimately comes to regard as specifically Christian. In the pre-Christian works, which he afterwards renounced, there are passages which appear to state the Christian standpoint as convincingly as he ever stated it in his polemical writings. On the other hand, he carried over into the period of his Christian development the same distinctive features which characterize the earlier creative epoch. We may here pass over in reverent silence the return of nature upon the man, leading to the recurrent agonies of that struggle which terminated in the tragedy at Astapovo. A less painful illustration can be drawn from the sphere of his art.

Among the qualities in art which he condemns from the new Christian standpoint are two which he designates imitation and effectiveness. From the description which he gives of these it is clear that he is depicting characters which, taken together, go to constitute that essential feature in his own work here designated realism.<sup>12</sup> The

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<sup>12</sup> One example may be given under each head. Under "imitation" Tolstoy includes "the speeches" which "are not told so as to make the best sense, but as incoherently as they are in life, with interruptions and

strange thing is that, in his later writings (even the theological treatise like "My Religion"), Tolstoy continues to make most effective use of these qualities. "The Kreutzer Sonata" is an excellent example of the condemned manner, while "Resurrection," which illustrates this in a supreme degree, is posterior to the treatise, "What is Art?"

There is a depth of paradox in these later works, in which Tolstoy, with power scarcely abated, though with charm largely impaired, enlists all the resources of the art he condemned to inculcate a gospel which seemed to him to furnish the motive for his condemnation of this art.

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abrupt endings." These fragments of conversation are a constant feature in his own writing, and not least in "Resurrection." Again under "effectiveness" he quotes as an example a coroner's description in a murder case. But what are we to say of the ghastly catalogue given in the case of the murdered Smyelkóv?